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Price Six Pence.

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1685

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Written by a GENTLEMAN of *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, for the Uſe of the Pariſhioners of St. *Andrews-Holborn.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*, 1715.

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THE ROOKS and CROWS,

In ANSWER to the

Blackbird:

Or the SONG of a

BIRD in the PARK.

Whilst early *Larks* soar'd up on high,
To view what they could round 'em spy,
And Guard their LORD from Danger;
Whilst other Birds as Innocent,
Each way upon the Wing were sent;
In came a *Bird*, no *Stranger*.

With flatt'ring Songs which he had learnt,
Without their meaning or intent,
He thus sung to our LORD, Sir,
I am a Bird tho' *Black* most *True*,
Faithful as any *Shepherd* too;
Pray don't suspect my Word, Sir.

I never cou'd for Int'rest sake,
A Word against my Conscience speak;
Which all the Town must own:
But always was both just, and free
From all deluding Flattery;
A scandal to the Gown.

I never sought Preferment Great,
Nor ever hop'd for *Bishops Seat*;
But humble was and meek:
I ne'er Insulted, nor a Word
In Anger spoke to stir Discord;
My Country's Good I seek.

Ambition ne'er could move my Soul,
I speak my mind without Controul,
Let me Advisen be.
'Tis not for mine, but your own good;
(I hope I'm truly understood,)
If you're advis'd by me.

If you alone would hear me Sing,
How pleasant would you find the Spring,
Admit me Lord new-comer?
The *Blackbird*'s Song you'll find most wise,
And more my Melody will prize,
When you and I alone are.

The *Storks* and *Rooks* are gone abroad,
And I alone can please my Lord,
Pray Banish them from Court.
Must Birds of Prey devour the Bread,
With which the *Blackbirds* would be fed?
Let none else here resort.

I'll sing a Song so Innocent,
My Lord may take me for a Saint;
Hang me but in your room,
In Cage of State, I'll look so great,
And in melodious Notes relate
My Lord's most Happy Doom.

How happy then both *Church* and *State*,
How happy I profound *Prelate*,
When *Blackbird* sings for all?
In Lofty Words I'll raise my Notes,
And when my Lord on *Blackbird* doats,
I'll sing no more so small.

Begon the *Stork*, the *Rook*, the *Crow*,
Or I'll advise the fatal blow;
Which will concern me near,
The Groves, the Springs, the Park, the Throne,
When all the other Birds are gone,
My Lord's your *Blackbird*'s Care.

When we alone enjoy the Groves,
We'll leave no room for *Turtle-Doves*;
None shall disturb my Song:
Whilst charming Notes command your Ear
You need no Foreign Dangers fear;
Nor e'er think such Days long.

Let *Rooks* and *Magpies* fly abroad,
And Coasting *Sea-gulls* bring us Word,
Of Threats from the *Pretender*:
Let Birds that soar through clearer Sky,
Discern on *Gallick* Shoar the Fry,
Your *Blackbird*'s Song's Defender.

And when my Song hath sooth'd your fear,
I'll tell you how your Course to steer,
And what's our *Constitution*.
The *Church* alone's the *Blackbird*'s Song,
Which to its Neighbours does no wrong;
And hates all *Persecution*. Yet

Yet for the Nation's ſake and good,
No *Toleration*'s underſtood,
In your dear *Blackbird*'s Notes;
And if he could but charm your Soul,
Such *Moderation* he'd controul,
For this, the *High-Church* Votes.

No other Bird ſhould ſing but one,
Blackbird ſhould have the Mirth alone;
Let half the Nation know,
The charming Pow'r of *Blackbird*'s Voice,
Let all commend SACHEVERELL's choice,
And govern here below.

Whilſt thus the *Blackbird* told his Tale,
And hop'd his Song muſt needs prevail,
The wand'ring *Sea-Gulls* came;
And brought the News from *Britain*'s Coaſt,
That all our *Trade* & *Peace* had loſt,
Which ſpoil'd the *Blackbird*'s Fame.

Thoſe Birds of Prey which ſoared high,
Diſcerned through the diſtant Sky,
What *Peace* had done in *Spain*;
And thoſe who to'ards the *French* Coaſt went,
Found all our Manufactures ſent,
And peep'd into *Lorrain*.

Says then the *Rooks*, *my Lord*, beware,
And of the *Blackbird* have a care,
His Eyes are dim and old;
Pray spare his Notes, and let us fly;
Discover Dangers which draw nigh,
Or *England*'s bought and sold.

The *Blackbird* sings but what he's taught,
His Native Notes he has forgot,
French Gold the Songster paid;
What Nature taught him in the Wood,
By *Blackbird* now's not understood;
The Wood and Groves betray'd.

Had not your *Rooks* and soaring *Fry*,
Discover'd Dangers through the Sky,
And what might fall upon us;
The *Blackbird* acted under Trees,
And privately receiv'd *French* Fees;
The Lord have Mercy on us.

Your injur'd Birds, the *Rook* and *Crow*,
Who knew what *Blackbird* did below,
Forewarn you of the Danger;
Their Native Language ne'er deny,
Whate'er they act in open Sky,
And can't deceive a Stranger.

No false Deceit shall from them come,
Promoting *Trade* Abroad, at Home,
Shall always be their Care;
Whilst honest Measures they pursue,
And what they ought each Bird will do,
My Lord, you need not fear.

Let *Blackbirds* Sing with tuneful Voice,
Give other Birds their freeborn choice;
The *Rooks* will not them envy.
The *Storks* which build their Nests above,
'Mongst Thorns and Briars never move,
But think their Seats more friendly.

Let Rhetorick the Pulpit praise;
Let Politicks the Laymen raise;
Each Fidler please the Town;
Let Lawyers plead their Causes well;
And Quiet may his Lordship dwell;
Truth best becomes the Gown.

Let *Wolves*, *Sheeps* cloathing never wear,
Nor Taylors Cloaths in pieces tear;
This will Divisions make;
Let Freeborn Men Estates enjoy;
Our Rents *French* Botchers do employ,
Who seldom Truth will speak.

In Ships of War let Saylors range,
And those who Sailing think is strange,
  May safely stay at Home;
Let Generals fight in open Field,
And Warriors weild the glorious Sheild,
  Such Valour will become.

Great MARLBROUGH's Courage well is
  known,
Who as lack'd and taken many a Town,
  And many Battles won.
Great ORMOND too's a General good,
And never run away, but stood
  To what he once had done.

Each for their Merit we will praise;
And ne'er on Ruins Fortune raise,
  As Robbers gain their spoil;
Nor we to Vertue will pretend,
To gain some sly sinister end,
  Let Vertue Vice still foil.

What Forty One has done is past,
'Twas Eighty Eight abandon'd last,
  Lorrain enjoys the Weed;
If *Blackbirds* Song had then prevail'd,
Without a Head he had ne'er entail'd,
  Pretence on Spurious Breed.

But

But *Rooks*, which *Blackbirds* sometimes eat,
And think them *Chickens*, wholsome meat,
Feed on the purest Food;
And Hogs can sometimes *Blackbirds* please,
Who feed on something else than Pease,
Nor use one daily Food.

Then happy they who can advance,
And eat good Diet without *France*,
They needs must those out do,
Who Native Food forsake, to find
Some Joys of quite another kind,
And love to eat Ragou.

But Christian Thoughts which are most free,
And love to have their Liberty,
Will always Scorn Debate.
Let *Blackbirds* sing what Notes they will,
My Lord, your *Rooks* will love you still;
And tho' we roost in lofty Trees,
And feel the sweetest Morning Breeze,
No Birds below we hate.

The Lord who heard and understood,
And was a Judge of what was good,
Gave Ear to what was said;

He heard the *Blackbird* boaſt his Coat,
And ev'ry Bird his different Note,
How each his Speech had made.

To Greatneſs born, to Good inclin'd,
He had a Moral Chriſtian Mind;
His Judgment could diſtinguiſh,
Betwixt the Canting Birds that ſing,
And thoſe that ſoar upon the Wing;
How can the *French* be *Engliſh*?

But this great, good, and virtuous Lord,
A Man of Honour to his Word,
The Thoughts of Parties knew;
Nor did intend Friends to divide,
But ſtrove Diviſions to decide,
And give each one their due.

To rule the Land, to walk the Grove,
With conſtant ſteady Thoughts of Love,
Was only his Intent;
To ſee the *Church* enjoy their *Right*,
Is both his Promiſe and Delight,
On which he's ſtedfaſt bent.

At laſt with greateſt Soul poſſeſs'd,
He thus himſelf t' th' Birds expreſs'd,
To each of different kind;
You're all my Birds, I love you all,
And I my Birds by Name can call,
You all ſhall know my Mind.

Le-

Let *Blackbirds* sing with brightest Wit,
And other Birds chuse Nests most fit,
According to their Nature;
The *Rooks* and *Crows* their Nature know,
And other Birds may build below,
I'll cherish every Creature.

The Church I'll promise a true Friend;
And to the rest I'll greeting send,
Like Father of my People;
Those Flocks which other ways will go,
The Force of Toleration know,
And Church-men know their Steeple.

Why then should *Blackbirds* boast their Colour,
Or why the Crows be of another,
They hold their sep'rate Nest;
If they both live in *Britain*'s Land,
And all are under my Command,
Good Friendship is the best.

Religious Rights are Sacred things,
And wholsome Medicines have no Stings;
Our Saviour preach'd for Peace.
The Church shall stand whilst I've the Rule,
And let the rest not play the Fool,
Let all your Tumults cease.

Let

Let Foreign Pow'rs our Union ſee,
And let us like one People be,
One Body and one Heart,
And *England* ſoon will flouriſh more
In two Years time, than ten before,
If Wounds inteſtine ſmart.

You'll ne'er repent, I bear the ſway,
If you as candidly obey,
And love as I do you;
The King of Kings who ſent me here,
Commands Obedience, him I fear,
And always will be true.

Let Vertue's Rule be yours and mine,
In publick Int'reſt let us join,
To ſerve our God and Nation;
Let one Day Bleſſings all implore,
Let ſix encreaſe our worldly ſtore,
Each Man in his own Station.

The Parks, the Groves will flouriſh all,
And you your ſelves will happy call,
And make a happy KING;
If you conſider *England*'s good,
And Unity is underſtood,
Then all my Birds may ſing.

No

No Foreign Force can shake our Pow'r,
No *Wasps* or *Drones* our Wealth devour;
Yet each Man hath his Friend:
Since Subjects chuſe their Servants free,
Pray give, my *Lord*, the Liberty;
For you my Blood I'll ſpend.

Nor think it ſtrange I don't compel,
Oppoſite Neighbours for to dwell,
On one ſide of the Street:
Conſcience allows a Liberty,
Preceding Reigns with this agree,
And ſo I think it meet.

Should all my Birds ſing juſt one Song,
And in one Neſt Crowd; What a throng
Would be amongſt them all?
Should all in Nature juſt agree,
No difference, no diverſity;
One Word would name them all.

When thus, *my Lord*, had ſpoke his Mind,
And promis'd all to be ſo kind,
An equal ſhare of Favour;
Up ſtarts the *Stork*, the *Rook* and *Crow*,
And thought it fit the Lord ſhould know,
With modeſt good Behaviour,

What they discover'd in great Towns
Amongst both Gentlemen and Clowns,
About a Journeys riding;
Some rid before, some rid behind
Those that came last thought 'twas unkind,
The first had got the leading.

They that rode first advanced fast,
Afraid left Highway-men came last,
To Rob them of their Store,
With all their Speed the hindmost ride,
But since in vain, aloud they cry'd,
Stop Highway-men before.

Thus both in pain, and panting rode,
But seeing a House before them stood,
(According to the Story)
Where some great Lord had built a Seat,
Both thought it safe there to retreat.
Spe fugit, illa timore.

This House was beautiful to sight,
And that it might the more delight,
Thick set about with Trees;
Those neareſt to the Houſe which ſtood
Were tall; beneath which grew a Wood,
Whoſe verdant Bloom might pleaſe.

In those tall Trees we *Rooks* alight,
When we oft tired are with flight,
And sometimes build our Nest;
But in the Woods the *Blackbirds* sing,
And lodge with Birds that chirp in Spring,
And natural Notes express.

But to relate, *my Lord*, what pass'd,
In this same Journey, at the last,
Unto the House all came;
Where they thought each might safely
speak,
And in few Words found their Mistake,
Deserving both an honest Name.

My Lord who candid was, and free,
Was pleased they all should welcome be,
And thus inviting stood:
Those who still Love and chuse to hear,
The *Crows* and *Rooks*, pray walk in here,
They please and grace my Room;
But those who'd hear the *Blackbird* sing,
This blooming, verdant pleasing Spring,
In yonder Wood's their Doom;
Where they may please themselves and
walk,
And any thing but Treason talk,
By *Blackbird's* understood.

We *Rooks* rejoic'd, we pleas'd my Lord,
And swore we'd be his faithful Birds,
And ne'er betray our Trust;
Those that admir'd the *Blackbirds* Voice,
At last grew Mad at their own choice,
Since they had chose the worst.

Some damn'd and tore, and others swore,
They'd ne'er admire the *Rooks* no more,
Who're bless'd with better chance;
But *Blackbirds* should soon mount as high,
And Sing and Whistle to outvie
The *Rooks*, and them advance.

Amongst the Woods they caught a Bird,
Which soon could learn what he once heard,
And brought him to a Room;
Where he might sing to charm my Lord,
And gain his Favour by his Word;
Which he might soon have done;

But soon, alas! the Bird with Pride,
Was so puff'd up, it swell'd his Hide,
And got into his Brain;
Poor *Blackbird* strait impatient grew,
And from the Place they chose withdrew,
In hopes of greater gain.

No longer he would ſtay below
But aiming *Rooks* quite to out do,
And to prefer his People,
He ſoar'd above the lofty Trees,
And looking round about, he ſees
A very famous *Steeple*.

This *Steeple* ſome may call a *Dome*,
Which imitates a Church at *Rome*,
Where *Blackbirds* drink *Canary*;
Upon the top he ſtood and rav'd,
And damn'd more than below they ſav'd,
Which made the Lord a weary.

The People ſtared up around,
Till *Vertigo* did them confound,
And made them all as Crazy;
Some were ſo Mad, they did not know,
The *Steeple* from the *Church* below,
Cry'd *High-Church* till a weary.

Had he but ſtaid below and made
A faithful Speech, as ſome have ſaid,
Like a true faithful *Blackbird*,
And never ſoar'd above the height,
Of what true *Blackbirds* ſay is right,
He ne'er had Madneſs up ſtirr'd.

But since poor Bird he soar'd so high,
In too much Wind he could not fly,
Which soon quite blew him down,
Yet *Rooks* and *Crows* which only aim,
To play an honest harmless Game,
Can please and hold their own.

Thus having seen the *Blackbird's* Fate,
It mov'd our Pity more than Hate,
Since he by Winds o'ercome;
But what is worse, th' Infection spreads,
Amongst the common Peoples Heads,
Who e'er since raving run.

Nothing will tame this Madness great,
Till time does vent the Wind in Fate,
And then they will grow tame;
The *Blackbird* wish'd he had staid below,
Or being Black had been a *Crow*,
He might have got more Fame.

Thus far the *Rooks*. My Lord reply'd,
Tho' one *Blackbird* is lost by Pride,
They are not all grown Mad;
I love the *Blackbirds* when they speak,
Like Honest Men, for Conscience sake,
And pity him that stray'd.

The Honest *Blackbirds* are content;
And time will shew my Government,
Is Upright, Good, and Just;
Tho' Envy moves a Slanderers Tongue,
To Enemies I'll do no wrong;
But Friends will rather Trust.

Each shall their Liberties enjoy;
Justice to none will I deny;
Yet Mercy often shew:
And those who're of a perverse Mind,
By all my Conduct they shall find,
That what is just I'll do.

FINIS.

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